

EXCLUSIVE "DAILY MIRROR" PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PRZEMYSL.

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THOUGHT THE FALL OF PRZEMYSL A JOKE: OFFICERS WHO LIVED
ON THE FAT OF THE LAND WHILE THEIR MEN STARVED.



Austrian prisoners en route for Lemberg. Though they had been starved for weeks they had to make the sixty-mile journey on foot through the snow.



Officers of the garrison on the way to the railway station. They drove, of course, having commandeered every available vehicle for their own use. The men, even if wounded, had to make their way on foot.



General Hubert, the immaculate Austrian Chief of Staff. He is famous for his social graces.

To-day we are able to publish a remarkably interesting series of pictures by Mr. G. H. Mewes, a special *Daily Mirror* photographic correspondent, who visited Przemyśl after its capture by the Russians. "What struck me most forcibly," he writes, "was the absolute indifference of the dapper Austrian officers, who appear to have led lives of

luxury while their men starved in the trenches. Sleek, well-dressed, and supercilious, they exhibited no shame whatever at their surrender to their enemy." During the siege they had the best of everything, including fresh meat, wine, liqueurs, and cigars. Many more interesting photographs will be found on pages 6 and 7.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE WITH GOLD BAGS

Her Story of Collapse at Bank and Adventurous Ride.

FLOOD OF TEARS AND TALK

A woman plaintiff who conducted her own case, and who repeatedly gave way to sobs and tears, and on one occasion laughed at the Judge through her tears, held the strained attention of Mr. Justice Lawrence's court yesterday.

She was Miss Victoria Poulton, of Langham Mansions, Earl's Court-square, and she sued: Lady Susan Augusta Carter Milman, of Old Court Mansions, Kensington.

Her daughters, Miss Violet Hart Milman and Miss Rosalind Hart Milman.

The Rev. R. Swann Mason, chaplain in the Fleet.

His wife, Mrs. Margarita Swann Mason.

Plaintiff alleges against them conspiracy to publish libels about her. They entered a general denial.

Mr. Swann Mason, Lady Milman's son-in-law, was chaplain on H.M.S. Ocean, which was sunk in the Dardanelles, and is about to join H.M.S. Isis.

Miss Poulton told the Judge a remarkable story of her visit to the bank to withdraw £1,000 in gold, because she feared she was to be put into an asylum, and of her struggles to get the two bags of gold home. They were too heavy for her, and she fell with them. Then she hired a cab and paid the driver £50.

The hearing was adjourned.

FEAR OF ASYLUM.

Miss Poulton said she got to know all the defendants, excepting Mr. Swann Mason, on a country house visit. She herself had received £4,000 as a bequest from an aunt. She said she became friendly, chiefly with "Rosie."

"I was going gradually to hand over my property to Rosie, so that by the time I was dead—and a doctor had given me only two years to live—she would have it all, and then she would be nothing to pay," Miss Poulton added.

"Rosie," she went on, had told her that people were against her and they would put her in an asylum. She went on to say that she belonged to the Anti-Vivisection Society, and that everybody knew she was crazy about that. Rita (Mrs. Swann Mason) was a suffragette and had curious views about husbands. (Laughter.)

THREW EVERYTHING OUT

Miss Poulton said she was greatly upset when the relieving officer came to her flat. The liftman begged her one day when she came back from walking not to be distressed, but he had to tell her that the relieving officer had said he could not leave her there because she was a dangerous lunatic and had pistols and was going to shoot someone. Plaintiff went on:—

"I was terrified. I tore up all my notes on anti-vivisection, and I had made a large collection about animals. I thought someone was coming to break into my flat. I was so frightened I threw everything out of the window."

Miss Poulton went on to say that in March, 1912, she was ill, and "Rosie" told her it was due to her that plaintiff was kept out of the asylum.

"PINCHED MY WIFE."

Miss Poulton said she wished to read a statement by Mr. Swann Mason of what had been recounted to him by his wife and his sister-in-law. "They said," plaintiff interpolated, "that I got into the same omnibus with them and he said I pinched his wife." (Laughter.)

At 1.30 the Judge asked if the plaintiff had nearly finished her opening speech. "No," she replied, laughing through her tears; "I want to make it as long as possible. I haven't my witnesses on subpoena. Can't you give us a holiday for the afternoon?" (Laughter.) I want to get my witnesses here."

The Judge: Go on. I thought you had been as long as possible already.

An amazing story of her adventures with two bags of gold was then told by Miss Poulton.

She said she was so frightened she was to be taken to an asylum that she went to the Bank of England and withdrew £1,000. Rosie had told her she must fly to France. They offered her £500 at the bank. She feared she could not change them and asked for cash.

She found £1,000 in gold was too much for a woman to carry, and tell with the two bags of gold on the floor of the bank. A nice old gentleman came to her assistance. "I wish to see Mr. Kenyon, the senior associate of Mr. Justice Darling's court. (Loud laughter.)

GAVE CABMAN £50.

Miss Poulton went on to say that Mr. Justice Darling was a very nice man, and she felt the case ought to have gone on before him. (Laughter.)

She continued: "I feel it is ill-luck that I have got away from Mr. Justice Darling and not away from Mr. Kenyon. I wish I was back again."

She then burst into tears.

The Judge: I am sure my associate and I wish you were. (Loud laughter.)

Miss Poulton (sobbing): But can I go back?

Mr. Justice Lawrence (emphatically): No.

Plaintiff said the old gentleman at the Bank of England told her she could not carry the gold bags down the street and helped her with one of the bags into a cab.

For safety she bade the cabman take a roundabout way and drive her into the country. She promised him £20.

The cabman stopped in a lane and asked her to give him the £20 there and then. She answered, "People will know I have come out here."

"I will give you £50 to take me back." "And I gave him £50," added the plaintiff.

Miss Poulton then called the relieving officer, Mr. A. Campion, of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, who, said she went to plaintiff's flat because of Mr. Swann Mason's application to the magistrate.

RAFFLE FOR A PAPER.

How Reader of "Sunday Pictorial" Got Copy in Barber's Shop.

OFFER OF SIXPENCE.

An amusing story of a raffle for a newspaper is related by a resident in a London suburb.

"While I was in the midst of my Sunday morning gardening," he writes, "my wife suddenly thought of the *Sunday Pictorial*, and whistled to me from the window."

"We must get a *Pictorial*, dear. I expect the man down the road has got one," she said.

"Off I went to the man down the road. 'Sorry, sir,' said out my lot just after nine,' he told me. 'Shan't be having any more to-day.' Back I went to tell the wife, who said she would be awfully upset if I cannot get one, for I want to see it myself and then send it to Bert in Flanders."

"I started out again determined the wife should not be disappointed. I could not go far without a shave, so I visited the hairdresser's on my way to the next man likely to be selling *Sunday Pictorials*.

"In the barber's three heads were bending over the *Pictorial* at one time. I smiled and commenced to scheme how I could get it."

"Think you could let me buy that copy of the *Pictorial*?' I whispered to the man with the razor."

"Oh, no, can't spare that one. Everyone asks for it, and everybody wants to buy it."

A few minutes later another man entered, saw the paper, said he would like to give sixpence for it, and it was only my protest that saved him from taking it."

"The time for closing the shop was only the matter of minutes, and there were five of us ready to buy the *Pictorial*. One suggested we should do it."

"We agreed. I won, and the wife was pleased. It seemed the greatest thing I had ever done in my life."

This correspondent is to be congratulated upon winning the raffle, but it is well to take no risk when so many pleasant hours can be absolutely secured for a penny by ordering this wonderful paper before the day of publication.

RIM OF FIRE ON BREAST.

Witness in Case of Officer's Shot Wife Questioned About a Cross Dog.

In order that the coroner's inquiry, which is to be resumed to-morrow, should not be affected only three witnesses for the prosecution were called yesterday at North London Police Court when Marie Lanteri, or Wheatley, a barmaid, was brought up on remand, charged with the murder of Mrs. Wootten, wife of Lieutenant Albert Wootten, who was found shot in her house at Islington.

James Jordan, a sorter, who was called to Mrs. Wootten's house, was asked by Mr. Pratt, for the defence, whether he noticed the smouldering on the left breast of Mrs. Wootten's blouse there was a rim of fire. He said there was.

Mr. Boyd (for the Crown): What was the size of the circle of light?—It was about the size of half a crown or perhaps a little larger.

Mrs. Jordan, who also gave evidence, was asked if she knew the Wootten's dog. She said she knew it was a cross dog, and very cross with people coming to the door.

Asked by Mr. Boyd if she had had any experience of dogs, witness said that on one occasion she saw it jump up to a person at the door. The prisoner was remanded until Tuesday.

U'S GUARD GERMAN TRAWLERS.

COPENHAGEN, April 13.—A message from Falkenberg says that a large number of German trawlers are fishing off the western coast of Sweden. They are guarded by German cruisers and submarines.

So many German trawlers have never been seen before. Swedish fishermen are very angry, as the Germans spoil their fishing and destroy their nets.—Exchange.



The Austrian Archduchess Augusta, who is in charge of a hospital train. She is seen in the photograph wearing uniform.

PATRIOTIC SUMMER GIRL.

Military Ties and Stockings and Bathing Costumes Made of Flags.

REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

The military stocking will be one of the features of the summer girl's fashions.

Although only a week old, as *The Daily Mirror* was told at the Drapery Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, the military stocking has already caught the feminine fancy.

The colours of the London Scottish, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Dublin Fusiliers appear on these stockings in arrow shape up the side.

Ties for men are shown with handpainted Drendnoughts and life preservers.

There is practically no limit to the designs in the military tie. Every regiment is represented, and the khaki shirt is worn by the stay-at-home.

Bathing dresses this summer will be in red, white and blue, with the bodice made with flags. Other bathing dresses are distinctly French with the tricolour, and there are also quaint bathing dresses made of the Belgian colours.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEROY.

Lord Wimborne to Make His State Entry Into Dublin To-day.

A notable event in the political history of Ireland takes place to-day.

At three o'clock this afternoon Lord Wimborne, the new Lord-Lieutenant, will land at Kingstown for the purpose of making his state entry into Dublin.

Lord Wimborne will be accompanied by Lady Wimborne and her three children, Mr. Ivor, Miss Rosemary and Miss Cynthia Guest; Miss Rosamund Grosvenor, daughter of Mrs. Algon Grosvenor and cousin of Lady Wimborne; Lord Basil Blackwood, Mr. Power and Mr. Humphrey Lloyd, A.D.C.

The new Viceroy, who succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen, was a member of the House of Commons from 1900 until 1910, when he was created Baron Ashby St. Ledgers.

He was first returned as Unionist M.P. for Plymouth, but was unable to accept tariff reform, and in 1906 was elected for Cardiff as a Free Trader.

Before he entered Parliament he distinguished himself in the Boer war as captain of the Dorsetshire Yeomanry.

Last year Lord Wimborne sold his Cardiff property for £100,000. He is the owner of the Dowlais ironworks, as well as of some 30,000 acres of land, and his family motto is: "By iron, not by the sword."

The new Lord-Lieutenant has one strong claim to Irish goodwill—he is the grandson of Lady Charlotte Guest.

It was Lady Charlotte who edited and published the collection of ancient Welsh and Irish legends and romances called the "Mabinogion."

Lady Wimborne, the new Vicereine, is a very beautiful woman, and will, it is predicted, quickly find a way to Ireland's heart.

"NEVER YIELDED INCH TO FOE."

Lord Escher, president of the Territorial Force Association of the County of London, makes a stirring call for recruits to the Territorials.

"Our Territorials," he says, "have the first claim upon Londoners. I promise that every man who joins a London regiment shall be walking about in uniform within twelve hours, and within a few weeks he may be called upon to stand alongside his gallant and splendid fellow-citizens in Flanders, who have never yielded an inch of ground before German menace or attack and, please God, never will."

By way of a gift towards war expenses, the Maharajah of Jaipur, says the Central News, has contributed £350,000.

330 GUINEAS FOR THE QUEEN'S FAN.

Put Up For Second Sale by Buyer at Red Cross Auction Sale.

LACE AND JEWEL DAY.

"Lot 174... five guineas offered, six, seven... ten pounds, twelve pounds... seventeen pounds... seventeen pounds to Mr. —."

In this brief, lightning-like way the auctioneer at Christie's yesterday disposed of many of the works of art which have been presented to the British Red Cross Society and are being sold for the benefit of its funds.

Yesterday was the second day of the sale—the most wonderful of its kind which has ever been held in London. There are nearly 2,000 lots of valuable works of art to be sold, and a description of them occupies 351 pages of a closely-printed catalogue.

Before the sale opened at 1 p.m. yesterday the auction rooms were crowded with fashionably-dressed men and women, who closely examined the jewellery, lace, pictures, china, etc., with a view to purchase.

Practically all the seats in front of the auctioneer were occupied by well-dressed women who were interested in the lace and jewellery which were a feature of the day's sale.

A particular interest was shown in the sale of a tortoiseshell fan, the gift of the Queen.

Mounted with eagle-wing feathers and bearing in diamonds the monogram of Queen Mary, surmounted by a gold crown, it was sold finally for 190 guineas.

Bidding began at ten guineas, but in a few seconds the offers had advanced by tens to 120 guineas. A short pause came, and then offers rising rapidly five guineas at a time brought the bidding to 190 guineas, for which sum the lot was knocked down.

SECOND SALE OF FAN.

After the fan had been sold the auctioneer was informed that the purchaser wished the fan to be put up again, expressing the hope that the Red Cross Fund would be considerably enriched if the fan was bought again.

A bid of 100 guineas was received, and offers came up to 140 guineas, at which price the hammer fell. Thus the Queen's fan produced no less than 330 guineas for the fund.

Other good stuff realised was as follows:—

£195 for a brilliant rossette brooch, the centre set with hair surrounded by eight brilliants, the gift of Mrs. Robertson.

£130 for a pearl necklace consisting of 233 pearls, with pearl and brilliant cluster clasp, the gift of an anonymous donor.

The jewellery was sold very cheaply on the whole, and astute buyers obtained some fine bargains. Several people were present in the auction-rooms to see the last of old treasures which they had presented to the British Red Cross Society. When they were sold they went away—often with handkerchiefs to their eyes.

MYSTERY OF WAYFARER.

Was Damaged Liner Victim of Mine, Torpedo or Internal Explosion?

Seriously damaged as the result of a violent explosion, the cause of which is as yet a mystery, the Harrison liner Wayfarer (9,600 tons) was reported yesterday to have been towed into Queenstown, followed by a torpedo-boat.

The vessel, it is stated, was about 100 miles off the Scilly Isles when suddenly a terrific explosion occurred deep down in the hold of the vessel.

Whether she struck a mine or was torpedoed, or whether the explosion was internal, cannot be ascertained at present.

No submarine was observed either before or after the occurrence.

The ship was badly damaged and appeared to be doomed. The boats were launched, and soon after a steamer, which some accounts state was the Framfield, of London, came in sight and rescued the castaways.

A little later the Newcastle steamer Newlyn came up and toff off 120 men, landing them finally at Palmouth.

The Framfield—if that was the name of the ship that first came to the rescue—then took the Wayfarer in tow, bringing her into Queenstown.

ESPIONAGE CHARGE AGAINST MATE.

At Grimsby yesterday Ernest Gustaf W. Olsen, mate of a Swedish ship, was charged with attempting to get information about the Humber defences, which might assist the enemy.

The chief constable stated that Olsen had been arrested by the Intelligence Department of the Navy, the allegation being that at the instigation of some Germans in Rotterdam he had tried to get particulars of the Humber defences from someone in Grimsby.

Prisoners said it was all a joke over a glass of beer.

He was remanded until Monday to see if the trial should be by court-martial or not.

BREAD TO BE DEARER.

Bread is to cost more in London next week, when the price will be raised to 8½d. a quarter.

Such was the statement made yesterday by Mr. F. C. Finch, secretary of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society.

BRITISH TROOPS EXPLODE MINE AND DESTROY GERMANS' HOUSE FORT

Sir J. French's Report on "Activity" That Caused 29 Casualties.

SUCCESSFUL AIR RAIDS BY ALLIES' PILOTS.

Russians Inflict Enormous Losses on Foe in Carpathians Battle.

FRENCH SHELLING TURKISH CAMP AT GAZA.

Sir John French reported yesterday that the British have exploded a mine near Armentières and destroyed the loopholed walls of a house held by the Germans.

Twenty-nine enemy casualties were counted. In reply the Germans shelled the British positions, but without doing any damage.

Everywhere the French are maintaining the conquered ground, and in the Bois le Pretre have made fresh progress.

Several air raids are reported. British airmen have dropped bombs on German positions at Bruges, while the French airmen have raided Mulhouse and the military hangars at Vigneulles (Woëvre).

Hamburg, it is rumoured, has also been bombed by French airmen, and the barracks are said to have been set on fire.

Another phase of the naval war in the East was revealed last night in an official Paris statement that a French warship and seaplanes have bombarded a Turkish camp near Gaza, in Palestine.

BRITISH WRECK GERMAN LOOPHOLED FORT.

Sir John French Says Enemy's Attacks Inflicted No Damage.

Sir John French's bi-weekly report, issued yesterday, was as follows:—

The situation has remained unchanged throughout the last week.

On the morning of the 9th we successfully destroyed a mine in the neighbourhood of Armentières. As a result the loopholed walls of a house, held by the enemy, were destroyed and twenty-nine German casualties were counted.

The enemy replied by bombarding our positions, without inflicting any damage.

Early on the 7th the Germans exploded two mines on our right, but failed to damage our trenches. A similarly harmless explosion took place opposite our left on the evening of the 9th.

WAR OF THE GRENADIERS

PARIS, April 13.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

From the sea to the Aisne there is nothing to report except the artillery engagements. East of Berry-au-Bac we have captured a German trench.

In the Argonne there has been mining warfare and bomb and grenade throwing from one trench to another.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle the day was comparatively quiet.

Our troops at several points have come into contact with the enemy's barbed wire entanglements.—Reuter.

MILITARY SHEDS BOMBARDED.

PARIS, April 13.—The official statement issued this evening says:—

The day was calm along the front as a whole. We maintained and consolidated our positions at the different points where we had made progress during the last eight days.

Our airmen successfully bombarded the military sheds at Vigneulles (Woëvre) and dispersed not far from there a battalion on the march.—Reuter.

WHY HUNS REJOICE.

The German Press is rejoicing, says a Reuter telegram, at the reprisals to be taken against British officers, who are to be placed under military arrest, in reply to the treatment of German submarine prisoners in England. Thus the *Tagliche Rundschau* says:—

This is the only right treatment in such matters. The measure must be carried out with sufficient strength, and for this we have the means in our hands.

If one British officer is not sufficient as a pledge for each of our submarine men, then we must take two or three or more.

The *Vossische Zeitung* remarks:—

British officers now in the military detention barracks must appeal to their own Government if they now receive treatment which is otherwise not usually meted out to prisoners of war in Germany.

COLD DIP FOR BLAZING ZEPPELIN BOMB.

Nancy Hero's Prompt Way of Dealing with German Frightfulness.

PARIS, April 13.—Details of the Zeppelin raid over Nancy on the night of April 11-12 have now been received.

Shortly after one o'clock Nancy was awakened by two loud explosions. Most of the inhabitants put their heads out of their windows and could distinctly hear the thrum of the airship motors.

The sky was streaked with searchlights, and a vigorous fire was opened against the enemy, who hastened to withdraw to the frontier.

Fortunately, nobody was killed or injured, though a paint and varnish factory was set ablaze by an incendiary bomb. The damage is estimated at £4,000.

In two other places fires were quickly extinguished, in one case mainly thanks to the presence of mind and pluck of a foreman, who seized a still burning bomb by the handle and placed it in water.

The inhabitants were not alarmed by the Zeppelin visit.—Reuter.

AIR RAID ON HAMBURG.

COPENHAGEN, April 13.—A message from Kolding (Denmark) states that a traveller who arrived there from Hamburg to-day reports that French airmen yesterday dropped bombs over Hamburg.

Two bombs fell upon the barracks in Imbottler Strasse.

Several persons were wounded and the barracks took fire.

The airmen escaped.—Exchange Special.

BOMBS ON AERODROME.

AMSTERDAM, April 13.—On Sunday afternoon six French airmen appeared over the Island of Walcheren, coming from an easterly direction, and dropped on Middelburg a tin box containing papers.

Dutch soldiers fired on the biplane, which came down at Goosboth. The occupants—an officer and a private—were interned.—Central News.

BIPLANE CAUGHT IN HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, April 13.—A German biplane this morning appeared over the Island of Walcheren, coming from an easterly direction, and dropped on Middelburg a tin box containing papers.

Dutch soldiers fired on the biplane, which came down at Goosboth. The occupants—an officer and a private—were interned.—Central News.

BOMBS ON BRUGES.

AMSTERDAM, April 13.—The *Telegraaf* learns from Aardenburg that heavy gunfire was audible yesterday afternoon from Dixmude.

Severe fighting is in progress near Drieghten, and numerous wounded have arrived at Roulers and Dixmude.

British airmen, coming from the sea, yesterday flew to Bruges, where it is reported they dropped bombs on the railway line.—Reuter.

FRENCH BOMBARD TURKS

PARIS, April 13.—It is officially announced that yesterday the French warship St. Louis, with the assistance of seaplanes, bombarded an important Turkish encampment near Gaza.—Central News.

PEACE TALK AND THE POPE

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The President admits that he has received information from the Vatican that the Pope is ready to co-operate with him in the establishment of peace.

The President declines to make any comment on this communication, which is of an informal character. Nor will he say whether he intends to reply to it.—Central News.



Mr. A. T. Shakespeare Hart, who has joined the Army. He is a lineal descendant of the poet.

3 a.m. EDITION.

DESTROYER'S TEN MILE DASH UP DARDANELLES.

Brilliant Scouting Feat by the Renard—Battery Put Out of Action by H.M.S. Triumph.

TENEDOS, April 13.—H.M. destroyer Renard yesterday entered the Dardanelles on a scouting mission.

She ran up the Straits at high speed for over ten miles, penetrating probably farther than any of our ships has yet done.

A heavy fire was directed at her, but she was not hit.

H.M.S. London (15,000 tons; four 12in. guns) entered the Straits after her and drew most of the enemy's fire.

The batteries on the Asiatic side, especially the howitzers behind Erenkui, were active, but those on the European side were quiescent.

It is possible that the Turks have withdrawn part of their artillery from here in order to mass it quickly at any spot the Allied Armies may choose for landing.

A battery was bombarded by H.M.S. Triumph on Saturday. It has apparently been permanently put out of action.

The weather is rainy and murky, hindering aerial reconnaissance.—Reuter's Special.

RUSSIAN BAYONETS STOP FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT.

Tsar's Troops Capture Heights, 2,700 Prisoners and Twenty Machine-Guns.

PETROGRAD, April 13.—The following dispatch from the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief was issued to-night:—

On April 11 and 12 the battle in the Carpathians from the direction of Bartfeld to the direction of Stry developed with great intensity.

Our troops progressed on both banks of the Ondava south of Stropkovo.

They captured several heights to the north-east of Telepetch, and gained a victory in the direction of Uzok where, after an extremely desperate fight, the heights in the region of the villages of Bukovitz, Benett and Vyssokonizy fell into our hands.

We captured here 2,700 prisoners, including fifty-three officers, a gun and twenty machine-guns.

On the heights south of Voloskate, especially in the region of Koziozorka, the enemy delivered impetuous attacks in great strength. All were repulsed with enormous losses to the enemy.

In the Bukovina, on an extensive front in the direction of Zaleschiki, the enemy on the night of the 11th made furious attacks in torrential rain and impenetrable darkness.

Everywhere our infantry, using the bayonet, effectively held the upper hand.—Reuter.

KAISER IN COMMAND?

PETROGRAD, April 12.—The *Bourse Gazette* and the *Vechnie Vremia* publish notes stating that five independent Austrian armies are operating against the Russians who are pouring irresistibly into the Hungarian plains.

The German troops operating in the Carpathians are under the orders of General Linzinger and amount to seven army corps. The general direction of the operations in the Carpathians belongs to the German General Staff, which has assumed all authority.

It is believed that the Kaiser is personally directing the operations in the Carpathians and is keeping in the rear of the Austro-German lines.—Reuter.



Neddy, a pack donkey, finds a new master. He once belonged to the unspeakable Turk.

SHOT AS SIGNAL FOR SINGAPORE RIOT.

Mutineers Open Gates of War Captives' Camp—Germans Tend British Wounded.

BESIEGED IN HOUSE.

A dramatic story of the Singapore riot is contained in the preliminary account of the riot drawn up by Mr. W. G. Maxwell, Acting-Secretary to the High Commissioner for the Malay States. Extracts from this account are given below.

The mutineers overpowered the guard at the camp in which 309 German prisoners of war were interned, and seventeen of the prisoners left the unguarded camp.

The prisoners of war attended some of the British wounded after the departure of the mutineers.

There was a siege of Colonel Martin's house, and a force including British blue-jackets and armed civilians—who are praised for their bravery—came successfully to the rescue.

All the mutineers, with the exception of eleven, have now been accounted for.

DASH TO THE RESCUE.

Monday, February 15, was a public holiday. The Chinese New Year had commenced on the preceding day, and a three days' holiday had, in accordance with custom, been proclaimed.

At about 3 p.m. a shot fired from the guardroom of the 5th Light Infantry gave the signal for a rising. The men outside the guardroom collected there and took possession of the ammunition in the guardroom, where all the ammunition was stored.

Having overpowered the guard, the mutineers opened the gate of the entrance to the prisoners of war camp.

There were 309 prisoners in the camp at the time. The mutineers left at about 5 p.m., promising to return later with arms and ammunition.

After their departure the prisoners of war went on to pick up the dead and wounded, who they brought into the enclosure and tended to the best of their ability.

Between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. there occurred the shooting by mutineers of a number of civilians and officers, who were walking or driving along some of the roads.

Shots were fired at Colonel Martin's house during the night by the mutineers, but no casualties were caused.

At 5.15 a.m. on February 16 Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Brownlow, R.A., advanced from Keppel Harbour with a force to relieve the party besieged in Colonel Martin's house.

TERRITORIALS ARRIVE.

The force consisted of eighty men of H.M.S. Cadmus, fifty men of the Singapore Volunteer Corps under the command of Captain Darbishire, twenty-one men of the Royal Garrison Artillery, and twenty-five armed civilians under the command of Captain Brown.

As the force was not in sufficient strength to hold the position against the superior numbers of the mutineers, it then retired with the rescued party to Keppel Harbour.

On February 17 the French cruiser *Montcalm* and the Japanese cruiser *Otowa* landed a total of 285 men.

On February 18 the Russian cruiser *Orel* landed forty men, and next day the Japanese cruiser *Tushima* landed seventy-five men. On February 20 the steamship *Eldarava* arrived with six companies of a Territorial regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow's force, which included seventy-six Japanese sailors, occupied Alexandra Barracks without opposition on February 19.

On the night of February 18 Gunner P. Walton (S.V.A.) was shot by the sentry on Mount Faber for refusing to answer the challenge. It is thought that Mr. Walton, who had somnambulist tendencies, was walking in his sleep.

FOE'S FEAR OF ITALY.

PARIS, April 13.—The *Echo de Paris*, in a telegram from Milan dated April 11, says: According to advices from Trieste received by the Italian newspapers, the Prefect of Trieste is having several thousand proclamations printed in Italian, German and Slav, which are to be posted up, in case of need, in the various communes in the district known under the name of "Julian Venetia."

These proclamations inform the public that the enemy is on the point of occupying this portion of Austrian territory and that consequently the administrative authorities are abandoning it. The population is exhorted to remain calm and to make no demonstration.—Reuter.

"BOMBARDMENT OF VENICE."

PARIS, April 13.—As a precaution against the possible bombardment of Venice by the Austrian Fleet, says the *Temps*, the Italian Government on the day of the declaration of war removed to Florence during the night the masterpieces in the Academy of Fine Arts and the art treasures belonging to churches in the town.—Reuter.

POSED AS A MAN.



Florentine Beaudoin, of Massachusetts, who posed as a man for thirty years. Her death has revealed the secret.

NEW VICEREINE.



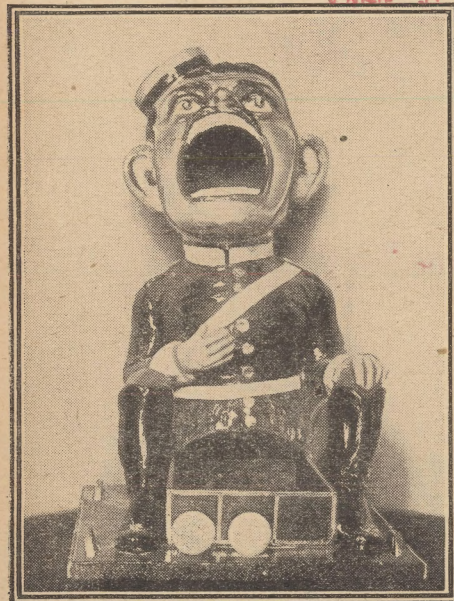
Lady Wimborne, whose husband, the new Viceroy of Ireland, makes his public entrance into Dublin to-day

DANCING FOR CHARITY IN NEW YORK.



Miss Margaret King and Miss Hilda Carling (nearest camera), who are dancing for the benefit of the New York Association for the Blind. They are exponents of a new system of rhythmic expression.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

THE GERMANS' FAVOURITE TOY.



A British soldier with his mouth wide open is a favourite toy in Germany. Balls are hurled at him, which, presumably, does something towards relieving the Teuton's feelings of hate. "He can sing hymns of hate" at the same time.

BROTHERS' SURPRISE MEETING.



R. G. and S. H. Munro meet unexpectedly at the headquarters of the Artists' Rifles. The two brothers had been abroad for some time, but came home to enlist. Both chose the same regiment, and thus met after a long separation.

Extra-Ordinary
Cocoa

Messrs. Savory and Moore manufacture an excellent preparation of Cocoa and Milk which is quite unlike the ordinary article and has many distinctive features. The chief of these are as follows:—

It is made from specially selected Cocoa and pure sterilised country milk.

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining, and its delicious flavour is much appreciated by connoisseurs of cocoa.

It is very easily digested, and can be enjoyed even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee or cocoa in the ordinary form.

It is an excellent thing for those who suffer from weak digestion, or any form of dyspepsia or insomnia.

It needs neither milk nor sugar, and can be made in a moment, hot water only being required.

Tins 2/6 and 1/6 of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Daily Mirror" and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's
COCOA & MILK

Calox

The Oxygen
Tooth Powder

The regular night and morning use of Calox prevents dental trouble by removing the causes of tooth decay.

Calox Tooth powder preserves the white and shining beauty of the teeth, deodorises the breath, conduces altogether to a higher standard of health.

And one reason is because Calox in use liberates oxygen—the finest, safest, surest purifier known in nature.

FREE Sample box of Calox, sufficient for a good trial, sent free on request.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/11. Calox Tooth Brush, specially recommended, 1/6.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LIMITED,
75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

BREAKING OUT
ALL OVER EAR

Began to Swell and Become Red. Used Cuticura. Eruptions Began to Go. Now Perfectly Healed.

156, Napier-rd., Gillingham, Kent, Eng.—
"First of all I had a small pimple in my ear, which began to itch. The inside of the ear began to swell, and it became very red. It was more like eczema than anything else I know of."

"This went on for a month, when I saw Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised, and sent for a free sample. The eruptions began to go away, and I soon found relief of the itching. I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and continued this for a week. Cuticura Ointment perfectly healed me."

(Signed) N. E. Rumley, July 15, 1914.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST

With 32 p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-sq., London. Sold throughout the world.

No MORE GREY HAIR

You can easily avoid that most disagreeable sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (A LIPID STAIN) which imparts a natural colour. Light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless scalp treatment. It is a perfect liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1/6, 2/6, and 5/6 per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Address: C. L. VALENTINE, 48a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1915.

WHAT THEY WILL DO NEXT.

WE HAVE VENTURED on several occasions during the war to point out that it is easier to foresee the moods and actions of a systematic and over-drilled people like the Germans than it has proved for them to foresee actions and moods in ourselves, in the French, or in the Russians. Prussia-bullied Germany staked everything on a certain balanced calculation of her own force and ours—force material, force psychological. She knew, in both physical and spiritual, what her own force was. Ours she did not know and failed to guess. Her enemies have, on the other hand, been perfectly able to foresee what she would do. The soul is incalculable. But Germany had resigned her soul to be absorbed by a military machine. And one has been able to predict, all along, what this mechanised soul would be about.

We knew, all of us, that, in the prophetic arrogance of the opening campaign, it would take up the might-is-right attitude, already defined in many a German treatise. "Because I choose to, damn you!"—that was the attitude, as Mr. Henry James has lately described it. What would happen next? Obviously, if threatening might did not turn out to be immediately successful, they would cry out that they were being attacked after having boldly proclaimed that they were the aggressors, and after the defection of Italy had diplomatically displayed their aggression. It never does, however, to go on being too aggressive if you are not winning. Even the Prussian intelligence—even Bernhardt—could see that.

And now? What is to be the next attitude, the next manoeuvre? It is perfectly easy to foresee and already the frequent rumours of peace offers and negotiations proclaim it. The next attitude for Prussia, after she has deluged the world in blood, will be to offer a peace—call it rather a truce—on impossible because inconclusive terms. It is unthinkable, after Mr. Asquith's and other official announcements, that such terms should be accepted by the Allies. And indeed Prussia will not intend them to be accepted. The Prussian object in offering them, knowing that they will not be accepted, will simply be to enable Prussia to take up an early-Christian-martyred attitude and to cry to the German people, to neutral countries, and to the Pope: "You see! We wish to lay down our arms. They will not let us. We love peace. They do not. They, then, are the aggressors." And this argumentative line will at once be followed by the well-drilled army of lamb-like professors and publicists, formerly wolves and eagles.

Will it deceive people? Will anybody believe it? It would be injudicious to say at present what we think of the attitude of the American Government during this war, but we may perhaps be allowed to remark that nothing in President Wilson's attitude is sufficient to make one sure that he will not then remark, like the elderly person intervening between combatant schoolboys: "Now my boys, no more fighting!" In this case, however, the combatants themselves know better than the elderly person. And it would be intolerable that sanctimonious outsiders should be able, after all our sacrifices, to secure to Prussia that mere truce she wants for the proper organisation of "the next war," in the next generation.

W. M.

PROMETHEUS.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy power which seems omnipotent,
To love and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent:
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free.
This is alone, life, joy, empire and victory.

—SHELLEY.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

GOD OF LOVE OR WAR.

SO MUCH has been said on this subject of late and yet so many points overlooked that, perhaps, I might be allowed to mention one or two of them.

It is somewhat ambiguous to ask whether God be a "God of love or of war" because of the fighting at present taking place. Could people not look upon it as a case of "being cruel to be kind"? After all, we are all only students in spiritual matters, but it might be a great comfort to many who have lost dear ones at the front to look upon it in this way:—

Firstly, we must start with complete faith in the life beyond the grave, and, starting from that basis, we all want our next life or lives to

neighbours as ourselves, which includes all fellow-creatures. We are also bidden to "resist the devil" and to fight against "principalities and powers"—when these unseen forces of evil use agencies we are equally bound to fight and resist their agencies.

The German war teaching is "Get land, get power—use weapons of murder, cruelty, robbery and falsehood to gain these objects. This teaching is not from the Holy Spirit, but from the forces of evil."

We must thus love the Germans as ourselves, but resist and fight them in as far as they act as agents (consciously or not) of the unseen forces of evil.

I rejoice that when they cease thus acting our men treat them as fellow-creatures only—the drowning are rescued, the wounded tended,

IN THE DAYS WITHOUT ALCOHOL.



Water only, nothing but water, would never do. We must make distinctions and use the old vocabulary of wine.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

be better than the present. One of the great things that matters is that our lives should be lived unselfishly, but in the struggle for daily necessities it is difficult, whereas this war gives thousands (perhaps millions) the chance to die honourably and unselfishly, which is a very great step in the upward direction. It gives them a chance to redeem many things and does this good to thousands at one sweep. To those who believe in after life, this war will appear as a God-send and will be spoken of as such in the future generations. Think of it!—if a new generation were suddenly to develop in our midst, all much better because of this war, would it not be clearly a blessing?

We are so material just now that we are apt to put far too much stress on the killing of the body, which, after all, is of no more importance than the flinging away of an old suit of clothes—a covering for the soul. We are apt to forget that the soul cannot be killed, and the soul is the real self.

SEPTIMUS.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

THOSE who cannot reconcile war with the "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," of the Bible, forget that the Deity may sometimes use human agents to accomplish divine ends.

REASON.

MAY I suggest a happier view to "Puzzled" and other puzzled ones? Our fighting is not from unchristian revenge, but from righteous motive. We must love our

PERFECT DRINKS.

Is It Possible to Find Satisfying Stimulants Without Alcohol?

HOME-MADE.

NOW that the summer is coming along there should not be any great hardship in giving up alcoholic beverages, however mild. There are many excellent home-made ideal drinks. Personally, I think it is impossible to beat home-made lemon-squash or barley-water. If the latter is a little insipid a little lime juice added to it makes it delicious. Dry or sweet ginger-ale is very good, but some people find it too sharp.

Of this I am certain: that home-made beverages are far, far better and more palatable than those you buy.

Alcohol should rightly be regarded as a stimulant, and not as a drink. People may argue as they like, but they know that they really feel better when they take little of it.

"F. W. K." states that tea is a perfect substitute for alcohol. I do not agree with him. A fresh cup of tea is excellent at breakfast or tea, but I scarcely think it would be advisable to drink it with lunch or dinner. In my case I am convinced that it would produce indigestion. Very few doctors recommend tea as a beverage; in fact, in nine cases out of ten, people are advised not to drink tea more than once a day. NON-ALCOHOLIC.

ALCOHOL FOR THE AGED.

WITH regard to any proposed legislation, I have seen no reference to any provision for the aged and invalids, who are accustomed to, and frequently recommended to, take, a moderate amount of stimulant.

Obviously, to suggest beer or sour drink as a substitute for a glass of whisky and water at night would be a goodly tribute. SEPTUAGENARIAN.

TEA IN A HURRY.

CONCERNING the letter headed "Good Tea," may I point out that the majority of people who come into a hotel for a cup of tea always seem to have a train to catch and expect a pot of tea, sugar and milk properly made for 3d. in three minutes?

On those conditions it is quite impossible to carry out your correspondent's suggestions for ideal tea.

CLEMENT SHARP.

WEAK-MINDED.

WHATEVER weak-minded creatures we English are! The once despised foreigner has long set us an example of decent moderation in the use of alcohol.

The average Frenchman, for example, does not enter a public-house and take his wife and the provincial children with him, and make his glass of beer last him almost the whole length of an evening. But the English workman must needs make a beast of himself and will beer until he is loathsome intoxicated.

It is the old story of a good servant being a bad master. A little wine is necessary for the stomach's sake, and it is as foolish to condemn the poor publican for inmoderate drinking as it would be to stop the sale of matches because little children have been known to burn themselves.

W. N.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 13.—Grasses and other subjects of a graceful feathery nature are most useful for mixing with sweet peas and many summer flowers. Ornamental grasses—such as Job's tears, the squirrel-tail grass, ornamental oats—may be sown now, and also the pretty annual gypsophila (elegans).

The perennial gypsophila paniculata (the chalk plant), with its myriads of tiny white blossoms, is easy to grow in any sunny spot and is one of our most treasured garden plants. There is a graceful double form that has become most popular of late years. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Hope is the chief mark of all the souls whom God hath made His friends.—Dante.

the hungry fed, etc. It is as if Satan has said to Germany, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." This war is the response—but there is One Who can say, "Get thee behind Me, Satan," and prevent him fulfilling his contract. GRASP.

HOME.

IN REFERENCE to the subject of "W. M.'s" leader, the following words of Ruskin are interesting, since Home, like Heaven, is not so much a place as a condition in the heart of a man or woman:—

Wherever a true wife comes, the home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than coiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

—And again:—

Home is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistencies of the outer world are allowed by hostile society or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. BIDDY.

THE SHAME AND THE PATHOS OF PRZEMYSL: WHAT A "DAILY MIRROR"

9-11915

P. 625



Russian soldiers feed the Austrians with bread before sending them into captivity. They were very kind to their enemies.

9-11915

9-11915



Woman appeals to Russian soldier for food.

"A stranger entering Przemyśl would at first imagine that the Austrians had captured the town. The enemy officers, wearing gaudy uniforms, could be seen strolling about the



Austrian soldiers pushing cartloads of bread into the town for the relief of their comrades.

9-72 F



Russian column passing along one of the main streets of the town. They have brought provisions.



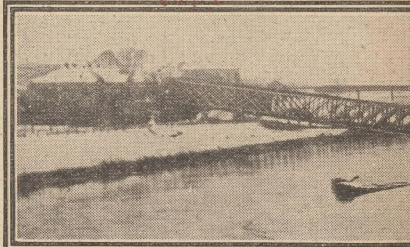
General Artamonov, the Russian Governor of the town. not been mutilated. The Huns

9-11915



Posting up a Russian notice. The town no longer belongs to the Austrians.

9-11915



Bridge across the Wiar. Its destruction the day before

streets laughing and joking with girls, and generally treating the whole matter as a joke. Thus writes Mr. G. H. Mewes, the special *Daily Mirror* photographic correspondent

PHOTOGRAPHER, SAW WHEN HE VISITED THE FALLEN FORTRESS.



the portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph has a portrait of the Tsar.



The Russians come in and the Austrians go out. Our Allies looked well and happy; the enemy ill and dejected.



Austrian officers laugh and joke in the streets. These dandies afford a striking contrast to the hard-working Russian officers.



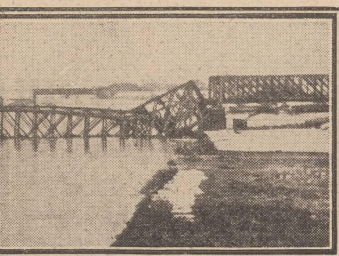
waiting to leave the town. As prisoners they will, at least, get food.



The garrison marches out of the town after the surrender. It consisted of about 131,000 men and nearly 4,000 officers.



Countess Schouvaloff feeds hungry children.



delayed food being sent to the garrison.

the pictures appearing on these pages. It is significant that the civilisation appealed to the Russians for food and not to the Austrians. This was

freely given, and the Countess Schouvaloff, a member of the Russian aristocracy, undertook to cater for the poor children, who had starved while the officers gluttonised.

COUNTRY EXCURSIONS FOR SUNDAYS BY MOTOR-BUS



ROUTE No.

59A Camden Town and Caterham
Every 10 minutes. Fare 10d.

81 Hounslow and Windsor
Every 15 minutes. Fare 7d.

167 Charing Cross and South
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Every 10 minutes. Fare 9d.

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KENSINGTON W.

Hats & Gowns in 60 windows

HATS by the thousand—
every one different.
Hundreds at 12/9, 18/11
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The greatest display of
Tailor makes ever attempted.

Supreme value is the key-
note throughout.

TO-DAY

and following days



THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Whatever your station in life, the
tea you will enjoy—and can afford
to buy, despite the duty—is
LYONS'. The wealthy like it
because it is **the best**; the
thrifty buy it because it is **the
most economical**.

Buy LYONS' TEA always—and
enjoy a reputation for "a good cup
of tea."

Lyons' Tea

FIVE MILLION
PACKETS
Sold Every
Week by
160,000
Shop-
keepers



VEGETINE PILLS FOR THE SKIN

We will send you a Free Package containing
FREE. (1) a Sample Box of Vegetine Pills, and (2) a
Tablet of Vegetine Soap if you suffer from any
kind of Skin Complaint or Complexion Trouble.

Your Skin Complaint can be cured. Even if it
is a severe case of long standing, still it can be
cured. Is your complexion perfect? If not, you
can make it perfect and remove every blemish.
Because we know that this is true we make
you an offer.

We will send you absolutely free a sample box
of VEGETINE PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE
SOAP. Write now to the proprietors, mention
this paper and enclose two penny stamps. That
is all you have to do.

VEGETINE PILLS will cure any kind of skin
ailment. This has been proved. You now have
an opportunity of proving it in your own case,
free of charge. Take advantage of this amazing
offer and write for a free package to-day.

VEGETINE PILLS purify the blood, draw all
impurities from the skin surface and expel
them from the system.

VEGETINE PILLS are the one cure for
Skin Complaint, and Complexion
Troubles.

OUR SECOND OFFER.
Purchase a box of VEGETINE
PILLS. Take the usual dose for four
days. If you then see no improve-
ment in your complexion, or feel no
benefit in your general health, your
money will be refunded to you in
full, without any deduction what-
ever. The only condition made is
that you return to us the unused
Pills within 6 days of purchase.



Price 1/11, 2/9 and 4/6

USE THE RIGHT SOAP.

This is very important. If you suffer from a skin
complaint, or you have a bad complexion, the wrong
kind of soap will aggravate the evil tremendously.
The best soap for anyone suffering in this way is
VEGETINE SOAP, because it is specially made for
delicate and sensitive skins and contains no irritant
whatever.

Moreover, it assists the Pills in their work of
purification. Therefore while taking VEGETINE
PILLS you should use only VEGETINE SOAP.

OUR THIRD OFFER.

Buy a box of Vegetine Pills TO-DAY from your
local Chemist. Follow the directions and in ten or
fourteen days you will notice an improvement. In ten or
fourteen days you will be astounded by the change
for the better in your appearance and your general
health. And in a very short time you will have an
absolutely perfect skin.

Sold by all chemists at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.
and the Soap at 9d. per tablet; or direct, post free.

REMEMBER THE SAMPLE PACKAGE

A free sample box of VEGETINE
PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE
SOAP will be sent by the proprie-
tors, The David MacQueen Co.,
Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4, if
you mention this paper and enclose
two penny stamps. Write now, and
for the rest of your life you will be
thankful you did not neglect this
offer.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.
SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.
LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.
FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. Just lately his last severity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.
"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heirless with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him." After a few more words they go on.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go to the front? He has taken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes are at him as he enters. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little silence between them.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

When Richard enters Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. Sonia, later explains that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a tunic. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she hears the truth. It is brought home and more than Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night!

Lady Merriam did not mind; she mopped her eyes vigorously.

"How did you find—out?" she asked on the top of a sob. "And are you sure that it's really right this time and not just a whim?" Sonia hoped you made the most minute inquiries before you came and gave me this terrible shock."

"I got it from Haileybury's brother at the War Office; he really has taken a lot of trouble; but, then, I never let him alone. Every day I've been down there, basking him and making myself a confounded nuisance; and this afternoon—I was having my lunch—he sent up for me, and there it all was in black and white and red tape."

Richard Chatterton, V.C., not killed, but seriously wounded. "Seriously wounded, mind you, and there's not the least doubt that he ought to be dead according to the accounts of his wounds, but he isn't. He's in some duchess's hospital in France and making a gallant fight for it. I wanted to go over at once, but Haileybury thinks it better not for a day or two at least. Oh! and he's got his commission—it's only a Lieutenant, but apparently that's all anyone can get for a start!"

Lieutenant, indeed!—they ought to have made him a brigadier-general, or something," he grumbled, with a twinkle in his eye.

Lady Merriam laughed. "It's impossible to run before you walk," she said. "But he'll make a name for himself yet."

Old Jardine rose and went to her in a fume. "Make a name! Bless the woman, what more does she want? Hasn't he made his name already? . . . Gad! if he were my son, I should burst myself with pride! He's got the V.C., madam, and you can't beat that all the world over."

He began strutting up and down, and preening himself like a turkey-cock. "Richard Chatterton, V.C., how does it sound? How will it sound to all his so-called friends when he comes home—if ever he does? A laggard, was he? Pshaw!"

He glared at Lady Merriam as if she were responsible for having made the statement. "The bravest man in London! No, I'll even go as far as to say the bravest man in all England," he declared enthusiastically.

Lady Merriam rose. "You're talking rubbish," she said briskly. "There are hundreds of men, quite as brave as Richard, who'll never be heard of, and don't forget it. Not that I'm belittling him—far from it! But every hero doesn't get recognition, you know; and in my opinion the men who go out there to fight now are heroes; they should all have the V.C. if I had my way."

Old Jardine calmed down. "And now, who's going to tell Sonia?" he asked. "She'll have to know, and we don't want to come as a shock, or in a room full of people like it did when young Courtney let out that Dick had been wounded. I'll tell her myself if she's anywhere about."

"She's in her room," Lady Merriam looked a little disturbed. "Her wedding dress came home this afternoon," she went on with a trace of gloom in her kind voice. "George! I wonder if this is going to put the fat in the fire again?"

"Fat in what fire? I don't understand."

"You know she is to be married on Thursday," said old Jardine coolly.

"Well, well," he temporised. "It's only Tuesday now, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip, you know. Just go and fetch her, will you?"

Lady Merriam departed. She looked into her own room on the way and had a last peep at Sonia's white gown.

"She'll look a dream in it!" she murmured, tucking up her soft folds with almost reverent fingers. "Heaven save us from another postponed wedding!"

But Sonia was not in her room. The fire had burned down a little, and the greyness of late afternoon made the room look rather dismal and depressing. There was a spot of tidiness about it, too, that struck Lady Merriam rather forcibly.

She was untidiness personified herself. If she had not been able to afford a maid she would have lived in absolute chaos. She was turning away from the empty room with a little depressed sigh when she caught sight of an envelope tucked into the frame of the dressing-table mirror.

It was evidently stuck there for the purpose of being seen, and for a moment she stood looking across at it, a little pulse of apprehension hammering in her throat, before she swept forward across the room and grabbed it up.

It was addressed to herself. For a moment everything rocked before her eyes. The wild recollections of a play she had once seen in which a distracted mother had found a letter of farewell from a daughter in just such circumstances. She remembered that the daughter had had an unhappy love affair.

The impulse came to her now to scream and clutch her hair, as the stage mother had done; but she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror and stopped in time, realising with something of a shock that she was too stout and untidy-looking to dress for tragedy.

She tore open the envelope and drew out its contents. It was a farewell, right enough—Sonia had gone.

She still felt like the heroine in a scene of melodrama, but the desire to scream and be hysterical had gone. A sense of utter helplessness enveloped her.

Sonia had gone! There would be more gossip for society papers to-morrow. Another wedding postponed! Another giant cake to be countermanded! More transparent excuses to be manufactured and delivered in the proper quarters!

The white frock would never be worn, after all, and Elaine would turn nasty at the loss of the advertisement she had hoped to get from it and demand something on account from Lady Merriam. . . .

Old Jardine read the little note through. He did not look very surprised and not at all upset.

"I knew she'd never go through with it," he said with a sort of grim satisfaction. "She's a dear child! A dear child!"

"She's a foolish child!" said Lady Merriam sharply. "Goodness knows what people will say this time!"

"And what does it matter what they say? . . . You women think too much of what people say and think too little of what you do."

"I don't think I shall go to the front," said Lady Merriam. "I don't want to go."

"You women think too much of what people say and think too little of what you do," said old Jardine suddenly and rather maliciously.

"Henk! Henk! Henk! Henk!" he said. "I'm not going to be the one to deliver it."

Old Jardine glanced at the brief inscription on the folded note, and a gleam of relish came into his eyes. He took it from Lady Merriam with alacrity.

"A job after my own heart," he said as he pocketed it. "And now what is the next step to be taken?"

"We must find Sonia."

"She asks you not to. She wants to be left alone, and very natural, too. . . . But I wish she knew about Dick."

"She will know, if she reads the papers. And as to not trying to find her, what do you take me for? She's in my care; I'm responsible for her, and what will Richard Chatterton say to me if he gets well and comes back home and I can't produce her safe and sound? . . . I shall put on my hat and coat and go to the police at once."

"Ridiculous! Absurd! The child isn't a criminal. Make a few judicious inquiries, if you like, but don't wait for a scandal. No one people think she's gone down to Burma; they'll think it without any help from us as soon as it's known the wedding is off. You keep calm and I'll do the rest."

Lady Merriam gave up resignedly. Old Jardine went downstairs. He questioned the hall porter diplomatically, or so he thought, and heard that Sonia had gone to Paddington.

He spent the whole evening making inquiries. He got a list of likely people to whom she might have gone from Lady Merriam, but they all proved a blank, and at ten o'clock at night he returned in the futility of searching further.

He would have to wait till the morning, at all events. Tired, and rather hungry—for in the excitement he had forgone his dinner—he went home.

It was only when he was taking off his coat in the hall that he remembered the letter for Montague which Lady Merriam had given him.

Continued on page 11.

WHEN STOMACH CRIES OUT WITH PAIN TRY A LITTLE MAGNESIA.

Nine times out of ten excessive acidity and consequent food fermentation cause all the pain and discomfort you now experience after eating, so instead of dosing your stomach with drugs or denying yourself the foods you fancy, just eat naturally and freely of whatever you choose, but immediately after each meal take half-a-teaspoonful of pure bisulphate of magnesium in a little warm or cold water. Do this, and flushed face, repeating heart, burning sensation in the stomach, acid rising in the throat and other disagreeable symptoms of digestive and stomach trouble will soon be unknown to you, for Bisulphate of Magnesia eliminates the cause of these troubles by neutralising the harmful acid, and preventing the food fermentation. That is why physicians consider it invaluable and recommend it so highly. It is obtainable in both powder and tablet form from chemists and druggists everywhere, but be sure to get the "Bisulphate of Magnesia," as other forms, sometimes bearing similar names, are quite unsuitable and may do more harm than good.—A.M.D.

BISULPHATE OF MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Adv't.)

The BEST COUGH SYRUP IS EASILY MADE AT HOME.

COSTS LITTLE AND ACTS QUICKLY.

This recipe makes one half-pint of Cough Syrup and saves about 8s., as compared with the ordinary Cough Medicine. It stops obstinate colds and coughs—even Whooping Cough—quickly, and is splendid for Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Throat and Lung troubles.

Mix one breakfast cup of granulated sugar with a ½ pint of hot water and stir for two minutes. Put 1oz. Parment (double strength), which can be obtained from any chemist for about 2s. 6d., in a large bottle and add the sugar. Take one desartspoonful every two hours.

Tastes good and never spoils. Children like it. This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both excellent features.

It will break up the most severe cold in the head, chest, back, stomach or limbs often within 24 hours. The low cost and the quick results obtained have made this recipe immensely popular.—(Adv't.)

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THE DINING ROOMS, Reception Rooms, Smoking Rooms, Drawing Rooms, etc., comprising a splendid collection of modern and antique furniture, a magnificent set of dining-room furniture in carved broken oak being offered for the sum of £219 10s. 6d. complete set in laminated oak for 10s. 6d. exceptionally fine pianofortes, equal to new, from 75s.

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FREE.

We have just published the following: "Why you should study Electricity, and How." "Why you should study Engineering, and How." "Why you should study Draughtsmanship, and How." "Why you should study Marine Engineering, and How." "How to study Mining."

Each of these little books is full of useful Formulae, Tables, Information, etc. By way of advertisement give away 1,000 COPIES FREE.

Write for the one you are interested in. Mention this paper. THE BENNETT COLLEGE (M.I. DEPT.) SHEFFIELD.

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A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCO.

6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

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10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6. OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS. THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Manufacturers, Edinburgh.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



General Botha.

Men who knew Botha during the South African War days tell me that even then he was seldom without a smile.

Under "Bomb" Fire.

I remember being at Cambridge about four years ago when the university conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Law upon the South African leader. During the ceremony a bomb was hurled at him from the gallery.

What Was In It.

The Public Orator was in the midst of his eulogistic speech when the "outrage" occurred, but so small an interruption did not deter him. He went on unmoved, although a tail of gray coloured ribbon which was attached to the "bomb" trailed gracefully across the shoulders of many distinguished members of the Senate.

He Treasures It.

But General Botha saw the joke. He smiled, and awaited patiently the end of the oration. Then somebody picked up the missile and presented it to him. Just outside the Senate House he opened it, and a distinguished crowd gathered round to see the contents. They were a fine calabash pipe and a parcel of Boer tobacco, and General Botha carefully pocketed them both and laughingly remarked, "I shall always treasure this pipe as a souvenir of one of the most important days in my life."

The Famous Son.

Charles Dickens's most famous son, Mr. H. F. Dickens, K.C., is giving readings from his father's works round the country to swell the funds of the British Red Cross Society. Mr. Dickens has two sons in the Services.

In Home Waters.

One is the commander of a torpedo-boat, and has only recently returned home from the Mediterranean. Commander Dickens tells me that he is very disappointed at being out of the Dardanelles business. Still, he is doing excellent work in home waters.

His Last Letter.

The younger son of Mr. Dickens is a lieutenant in the Kensington Corps of the London Regiment. He has just returned home wounded. His adjutant wrote to Mr. Dickens telling him that his son had been hit, and he spoke in glowing terms of appreciation of the young man's bravery. Twenty-four hours later the adjutant was amongst the killed.

Vicar and Spooks.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, Brixton's vicar, has just been telling some remarkable stories of spirit manifestations on the battlefield. These were related at a crowded meeting the other night, and were vouched for by their narrator as authentic.

The Soldier's Vision.

One of these incidents was told by a wounded soldier who said that he and a comrade were engaged in a very hot corner at the great Ypres struggle. Suddenly he saw the form of a gracious elderly woman, who appeared amid the smoke of battle, beckoning. He asked his comrade if he saw the vision, giving him a description of the woman he saw. "That is my mother," said his friend. With the words a shrapnel shell exploded above them, killing his comrade and wounding the narrator of the experience.

We Are Particular.

The cultured Hun is actually learning that money is not everything. According to the *Cologne Gazette* a manufacturing concern in the Rhine-Westphalian district sent a £250 order to Messrs. Roulet and Co., of Bienne, in Switzerland, for diamonds for technical purposes. Instead of sending the goods, the Swiss firm wrote: "La Maison Roulet et Cie, de Bienne, ne travaille qu'avec les pays civilisés" (The house of Roulet and Co. only deals with civilised countries). Shrieks of annoyance from the Huns!

The Moustache and the Prince.

The failure of numberless new soldiers to comply with Para. 1,696 of the "King's Regulations," which requires a moustache, is a great grievance with old sergeants of the stricter school. A young recruit, on being reprimanded by his sergeant, urged in extenuation that their platoon commander did not produce a moustache. "Second lieutenants is exempt," argued the wily sergeant, "owing to Second Lieutenant His Rifle Inness the Prince of Wales not being given to ornamenting his upper lip, him being originally naval and not military."

Moustache Growing as a Hobby.

It was the same sergeant, referring to this pet grievance of his, who addressed his platoon thus: "Make a hobby of it, my lads, make a hobby of it. And for why? Because you can do it anywhere, any time, and it don't cost yer nothing."

What the Soldier's Moustache Is For.

But the sergeant excelled himself one day scolding a recruit who had the unspeakable temerity to ask what was the good of a soldier's moustache. "You talk too much, my lad," snorted the sergeant. "And by the same token that's why Providence put teeth in front of your tongue, and lips in front of your teeth, and the moustache atop, so as to make words come out slower and stop yer gabbing."

Miss Monica Grenfell.

One of the latest young society girls to go in for nursing, I hear, is Miss Monica Grenfell, Lord and Lady Desborough's daughter, who is undergoing a course of training at a London hospital preparatory to taking up



Miss Monica Grenfell.

work as a Red Cross nurse. Miss Grenfell, who is most popular in society and has been much in request at smart dances in other times, is extremely pretty, with a wealth of fair hair.

"Honeymoon Hall."

Like her father, she is a fine swimmer, and has won the ladies' challenge shield at the Bath Club. Miss Grenfell is devoted to boating, and is frequently to be seen on the river in the summer. She was a debutante of Coronation year, and in the January of that year Lady Desborough gave in honour of her daughter's coming out a brilliant ball at Taplow Court, known as "Honeymoon Hall" from the frequency with which its kindly owners have lent the house to newly-married couples.

"Alsace" at the Court.

The Germans in "Alsace," the play in which Mme. Rejané is appearing at the Court Theatre, are made as ridiculous as some of them really are. They are almost as funny as the Haselden cartoons of Big and Little Willies. The play might have been written for these times, ending as it does with the war between France and Germany.

The "Marseillaise" in Whispers.

One of the most stirring and exciting scenes is at the end of the second act, when the French household sing in whispers "La Marseillaise" in defiance of the law which had banished Mme. Orbey for singing the hymn. Mme. Rejané plays Mme. Orbey delightfully, as she plays everything.

Rejané's Wonderful Expressions.

Everyone knows her facial expression is one of her chief charms, and the different curves that she gets into her mouth, expressing either joy or sorrow, are a fascinating study. She looked particularly well in the widow's garb.

"One More River."

The City of London Volunteers, who went into camp amongst the beautiful Surrey hills during Easter, have proved themselves to be a splendid lot of fellows. And they like their little jokes. The Covent Garden contingent, which is largely composed of patriotic Jews, has been nicknamed the "Jordan Highlanders."

"Dead on the Field of Honour."

There is a pretty custom in the 46th Regiment of French Infantry. In this famous regiment served "The First Grenadier of France," known as "La Tour d'Auvergne," whose name is always read first at roll call and is answered by an officer, who replies, "Dead on the Field of Honour." Now the 46th has another hero.

Another Hero.

Monsieur Collignon, formerly Councillor of State and Secretary General to the Republic, joined the 46th at the beginning of the war. He would not be an officer, but preferred to serve as a private soldier. On March 16 last, at Vauquois, Private Collignon went out under a hail of shell fire to aid a wounded comrade—and was killed.

To Rank With the First Grenadier.

To perpetuate his memory Collignon has been given equal honour with the First Grenadier. His name is always to be called on parade and to be answered, "Dead on the Field of Honour."

"Fitted for a Chair."

I went "to take tea" with some friends recently. I was much mystified by the conduct of my host, who suddenly glanced at his watch, rose to his feet, and remarked: "Will you excuse me? I must go and be fitted for my chair."

Clothes Not In It.

The daughter of the house enlightened me. "Father's getting a new easy chair," she said, "and about every other day he goes to be fitted for it. He has already been to the maker about half-a-dozen times. Getting fitted for a suit of clothes is nothing to this, he says."

Viscount Forbes.

There are great rejoicings, I hear, over the arrival of little Viscount Forbes, Lord Granard's son and heir, who was born a few days ago. Viscount Forbes is the courtesy title with which the baby arrived in the world, and unless circumstances prevent there will be an elaborate christening ceremony for the young heir in a few weeks' time.



Lady Granard.

Of Scottish Descent.

Lady Granard is one of our American-born peeresses. She was, before her marriage, Miss Jane Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, of New York, but she comes of British stock, for her grandfather was a Livingstone of the old Scottish family from which the Earls of Linlithgow, Callender and Newburgh came.

A War Invention.

The question of the credit for the invention of the armoured motor-car has been set at rest for ever by a remarkable article contributed to the *Paris Figaro*. The writer is the famous driver and motor-car designer Charron, who tells how he designed an armoured motor-car, to carry a machine-gun, as long ago as 1905. Four such cars were then built to his design, two for Russia, then at war with Japan, and the other pair for France.

The Inventor's Tears.

On the first day of August last year these two French cars were taken from the corner where they had been accumulating dust for nearly a decade. Charron tells of the joy with which he discovered that the child of his genius, conceived in a time of peace, was proved worthy of all he claimed for it.

THE RAMBLER.

Says Percy Pot,
"I now am not
As black as I've been painted.
I know as much
Because Old Dutch
And I've become acquainted."

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is easy with Old Dutch
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A "Daily Mirror" Photographer Visits Przemyśl : See Pages 1, and 6 and 7.

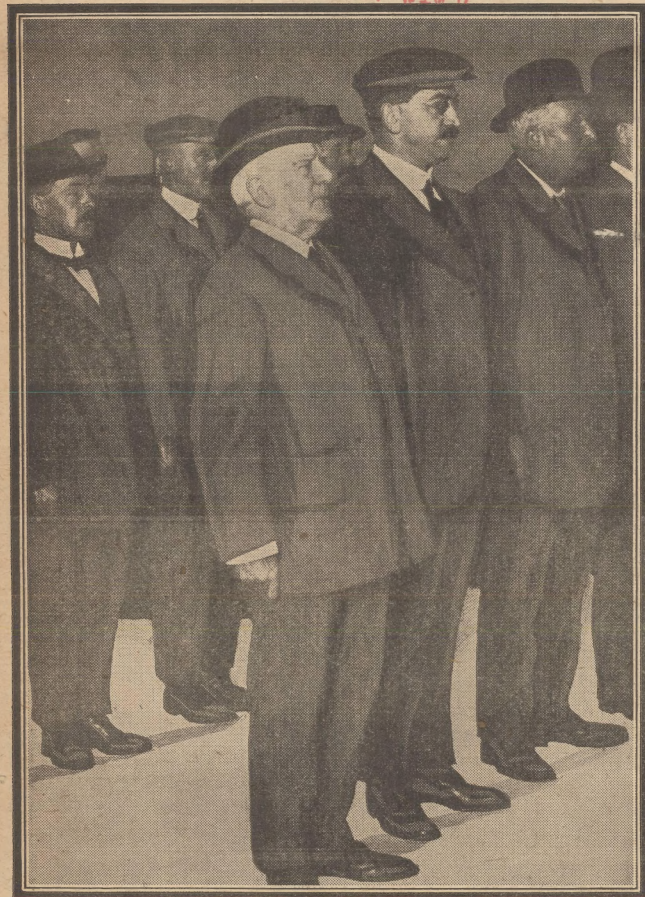
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SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S FINE EXAMPLE.

P. 426 A



Though seventy-four years of age, Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., is getting ready to defend his country should the need arise. He is seen in the foreground drilling with the Staines Volunteer Corps.

RATHER RISKY FOR THE PASSENGERS.

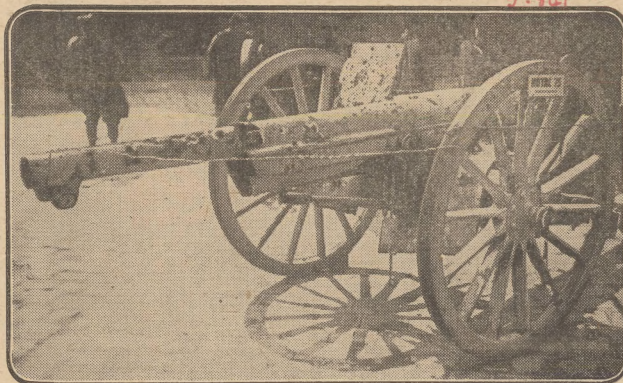
Spl. 48 A



An amusing event at the sports of the Tyneside Scottish at Heaton. The officers, who were blindfolded, had to push a wheelbarrow containing a fair passenger. The ladies good-humouredly took all risk of being upset en route.

A "75" RETURNS FROM THE FRONT.

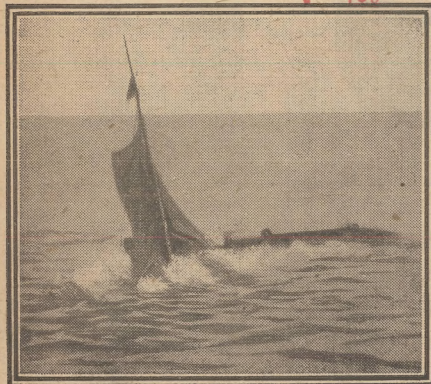
S. 941



This is one of the famous French 75's, which is now on view at Paris. It bears traces of German shrapnel. These wonderful weapons, it is stated, are doing much to shake the morale of the German soldier.

WHO WAS ON THIS RAFT?

S. 950



Raft floating off Tory Island. It had evidently been used by a shipwrecked crew, and some oars and a boat-hook were lashed to it. There was no sign of life on it, however, when sighted by the steamer from which the photograph was taken.

MRS. RICHARD LEGH.

P. 1562 A



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Legh, who has just given birth to a son. Her husband is Lord Newton's heir.—(Lallie Charles.)

MICHAEL O'LEARY'S FATHER.

P. 17022



Mr. O'Leary, the father of Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., making an appeal for recruits at Macroom, Co. Cork, on the occasion of the visit of the band of the Irish Guards. O'Leary is a native of Co. Cork and the Irish Guards is his regiment.